

The Chronicle History

Bish. Then heare me gracious Soueraigne, & you Peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith, and seruices
To this imperiall Throne:
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to France,
But one; which they produce from *Faramount*:
No female shall succeed in *Salique* Land;
Which *Salique* Land, the French vniustly gloze
To be the Realme of France,
And *Faramount* the founder of this law and female barre.
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salique* lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the floods of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the first hauing subdude the Saxons
There left behinde, and setled certaine French,
Who holding in disdain the Germane women,
For some dishonest manners of their liues,
Establisht there this Law. To wit,
No female shall succeed in *Salique* Land:
Which *Salique* land (as I haue sayd before)
Is at this time in *Germany*; call'd *Mesene*.
Thus doth it well appeare, the *Salique* law
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the *Salique* land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeares
After the function of King *Faramount*;
Godly supposd the founder of this Law.
Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the Crowne,
To fine his Title with some shew of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and nought:
Conuey'd himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foresayd Duke of *Lorain*,
So that as cleere as is the summers Sun,
King *Pipins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of *France* vntill this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this *Salique* Law

To

of Henry the fifth

To barre your highnesse claim
And rather choose to hide them
Then amply to embrace their crowne
Vsurt from you and your progeny
K. May we with right and conscience
Bi. The sin vpon my head draw
For in the booke of Numbers it is
When the sonne dyes, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord, stand for your owne
Vnwindé your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great
From whom you claime:
And your great Vnckle *Edward*
Who on the French ground playd
Making defeate on the full power
Whilst his most mighty father
Stood smiling to behold his Lyon
Foraging the blood of French Monarchs
O Noble English, that could encrease
With halfe their forces the full power
And let another halfe stand laughing
All out of worke, and colde for
King. We must not onely arm
But lay downe our proportion
Who will make rode vpon vs with
Bi. The Marches gracious for
To guard your England from the
King. We do not meane the crowne
But feare the maine entendment
For you shall read, neuer my great
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,
But that the *Scot* on his vnfurnish'd
Came pouring like the tide into
That *England* being empty of defence
Hath shooke and trembled at the
Bish. She hath bin then more

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